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VOLUME XIII PITTSBURGH, PA., FEBRUARY, 1940 NUMBER 9



PORTRAIT OF MARTHA SHARPE CRAWFORD

BY GERALD L. BROCKHURST

(See Page 267)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XIII

NUMBER 9

FEBRUARY, 1940

Good morrow, Benedick. Why what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

—32—

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

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MARSHALL BIDWELL, Organist

—32—

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The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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THE SEVEN WONDERS OF PITTSBURGH

The CARNEGIE MAGAZINE has received several further suggestions of "wonders" to be added to the purely tentative list of seven given on page 226 of the January number. Among them are the East Liberty Presbyterian Church, designed by Ralph Adams Cram, which one reader declares "is the most magnificent specimen of church architecture existing on the North American continent." With this opinion the Editor entirely agrees. Another names the H. J. Heinz Company as "the greatest food plant in the world." Others bring to our attention the Koppers Office Building, the Gulf Oil Building, and other favorites. Further suggestions will be cordially received, and the list modified later according to the ideas of our readers.

WHO WAS POE'S HELEN OF TROY?

524 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

DEAR CARNEGIE:

Edgar Allan Poe's "To Helen" has long been a favorite of mine and I was pleased to see you used the phrase, "The glory that was Greece."

However, in response to an inquiry, you say on page 226 of the January issue, the poem was inspired by a statue of Helen of Troy, seen by Poe in a window.

I think, unfortunately, this is not true. Poe had two absorbing love affairs with two different Helens, to each of which incidently he wrote a poem and both of the poems are entitled "To Helen." The second poem, which is not under discussion, was written to Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman who lived in Providence, Rhode Island. In a letter written to this Helen, dated October 1, 1848, Poe says:

"when my eyes fell upon a volume of my own poems; and then the lines I had written in my passionate boyhood to the first purely ideal love of my soul—to Helen Stanard of whom I told you—flashed upon my recollection. I turned to them. They expressed all—all that I would have said to you so fully—so accurately—and so conclusively, that a thrill of intense superstition ran at once through my frame. Read the verses and then take into consideration the peculiar need I had, at the moment, for just so seemingly unattainable a mode of communicating with you as they afforded."

So the poem "Helen, thy beauty is to me" was written to his boyhood sweetheart, Helen Stanard, and fourteen years later, or in 1848, he then having a passion for Mrs. Sarah Whitman, has the audacity to tell her the original poem fitted her as well as the other Helen. All very interesting.

—ALFRED C. HOWELL

The Editor was misled into saying that Poe's inspiration for writing the poem, "To Helen," came from a statue of Helen of Troy which the

(Continued on page 268)

PITTSBURGH'S OWN SHOW

Annual Exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh

BY ROY HILTON

*Assistant Professor, Department of Painting and Design,
Carnegie Institute of Technology*



THE thirtieth annual exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh was opened in the Carnegie Institute galleries with a press view on the evening of February 8. The exhibition consists of paintings in oil and water color, sculpture, prints, and crafts, giving a comprehensive view of the artistic activities of Pittsburgh and its vicinity.

Since the section of paintings far exceeds the other exhibits in point of view of quantity, although not necessarily in quality, let us consider it first.

The jury of selection and awards for painting was composed of John Carroll, Robert Brackman, and Judson Smith. As usual, there are many who disagree with their decisions, and, if they entered pictures that were rejected, will see many on the walls that they consider inferior to their entries. And in some cases they are probably correct.

As someone—probably Confucius, since he seems to be the authority on most subjects during the present craze—has said, "If all the juries in the world were laid end to end, it would be a good idea." Everyone who has served on an art jury knows that the system is far from perfect, but at the present time it seems to be the best method of selecting an exhibition. Undoubtedly, the personal prejudices of a group will always play an important part in their selection, but if the jury is a well-balanced

one these prejudices will offset one another, a conclusion that seems justified in the case of the present show, where there seems to be no predominance of any particular type of work.

It would seem, though, that the time allotted to the jury for their selection is much too short for a really satisfactory estimate of the quality of the entries. Very seldom is it possible to judge a picture with any subtleties at the first or even second glance, and it seems hardly fair to expect any jury to do this from a group of several hundred paintings.

A general survey of the exhibition would indicate that the majority of those who are painting in Pittsburgh are interested in the contemporary scene and have attempted to depict the life



THE BLUE DOOR

BY BARBARA PATTISON

Association's First Honor and Award (\$100)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE



PORTRAIT OF A BOY

BY MARGARET E. JENSEN

Association's Second Honor and Award (\$75).
around them rather than still lifes
which furnish exercises in manipulation.

In every exhibition there are two types of paintings. The first group might be considered as "exhibition paintings." These are usually rather large in size, with strong contrasts of value, intensity of color, and a large pattern. The other type of painting is more subtle, with close values and carefully related areas of color that are seen only by close inspection. Probably most artists have this problem to face. Should they paint a picture that will look well in an exhibition and nowhere else, or should they paint a picture that will scarcely be noticed in the exhibition but that might look well in a living room. This difficulty possibly accounts for the large number of paintings that remain in the artists' studios after receiving favorable comments from the critics.

In looking at an exhibition of this size, and considering the fact that these are less than half the pictures submitted, one is amazed at the large number of persons in this vicinity who have the urge to express themselves in some form of the arts. Since the "profit motive" can scarcely be the driving force in this form of expression, this is a hopeful situation.

Another interesting characteristic of an exhibition of this nature is that the paintings run through the full range, from the extremely sophisticated and clever pieces of work to the simple naive efforts of the uninhibited, untrained painter who owns a set of paints and tries his best to put down on canvas exactly what he sees. To him, red is red and green is green and he is not worried by any of the difficulties encountered by the trained artist. Occasionally these frank statements are very interesting in their simplicity but more often in their intricacy, since it is the untrained artist who feels that he must show every leaf on a tree and every blade of grass. At the present time there is a school of thought that seems to feel that every time an amateur places his brush on a canvas he creates a masterpiece, and



BRITTANY FISHING VILLAGE By WILLIAM RIGGS
Association's Third Honor and Award (\$50)



THE ARCHEOLOGISTS By RICHARD CRIST
Carnegie Institute Prize (\$250)

many painters have tried to imitate these ingenious efforts. But, since it is impossible to be consciously naive, the results are usually similar to an educated adult talking baby talk.

This short digression, however, should not be understood as referring to pictures in this particular exhibition, as undoubtedly those that fit this category are quite frankly honest effort to paint what was seen.

Then there are the paintings, the inception of which was a formula or technique rather than an emotion. If we start with the theory that painting is a form of expression, it naturally follows that it is the expression of an emotion about something. The emotion might be stimulated by the form, color, or mood of a subject, possibly in some cases by all three of them. One could hardly react to a formula or technique that is simply the means of expressing an emotion.

While most artists are interested in looking at paintings by other artists—with a very critical eye, of course—the great majority of people who look at

pictures know nothing of the painter's craft and react only to the emotions that the picture creates for them. Unfortunately, in many cases, these emotions are purely in relation to the subject matter, which is usually not the interest of the artist. If the subject matter of a picture were the most important thing about it, it would certainly be much more satisfactory to look at a bowl of apples than at a picture of the same subject. If the artist fails to accomplish more than a satisfactory imitation of the bowl of apples, he has wasted a great deal of time and paint for no good purpose.

That statement isn't entirely true, however, because he has probably enjoyed doing it, and, after all, in the matter of painting, this probably is more important than the result.

It is doubtful if anyone makes a painting with any altruistic motives in mind. There are those who believe that the artist paints for the purpose of showing others the beauty in the subject he has discovered. There are very few people in the world who are as kindhearted and



FARM, WASHINGTON COUNTY By WILLIAM RIGGS

Art Society of Pittsburgh Prize (\$100)

generous as all that, and, while it may be very complimentary to the artist to credit him with that amount of altruism, the truth of the matter is that he has the urge to express himself in that manner, and he has a lot of fun doing it. He must enjoy it or he wouldn't paint, since he will soon discover that it isn't the royal road to riches. So don't pity the poor artist, but rather envy him the pleasure he is getting out of it.

Now, let us look at the pieces of sculpture, which are a very important part of any comprehensive exhibition.

Paul Fjelde, sculptor and part-time instructor at Pratt Institute, was the juror who selected the exhibits in this department and awarded the prizes.

This year forty-nine pieces of work in sculpture were submitted, and of this number, twenty-seven were selected for the show. This is a slightly larger number than were shown last year. Another difference between this and previous years is the fact that many of the entries in the sculpture section were executed in their final material rather than as plaster models. The number of portrait heads submitted was smaller than in other years, and more difficult problems were attempted.

The water-color section, which has a gallery of its own this year, contains many fine paintings in this medium, which were selected by the painting jury from a larger number of entries than in previous years.

Among the pictures and prints in various media which comprise the so-called black and white section of the show are many that will be appreciated only by those who understand the problem involved in making a good lithograph or etching. It is possible, however, that this section will offer more of

interest to the layman than will the section of painting, since he doesn't have to worry about those "awful" colors that some painters use and that he has never discovered in Nature.

In the section devoted to the various forms of the crafts, the juror was Viktor Schreckengost of the Cleveland Museum of Art. Again, in this section, the



ALWAYS MAÑANA By C. KERMIT EWING

Ida Smith Memorial Prize (\$50)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

layman will find himself more at home and will allow his critical faculties to function more freely since he can more easily recognize a teapot or a spoon when he sees one. Also, the various materials that are used will be of interest to him, and, although he may not recognize the fact that many of the same qualities that appear in the paintings exist in a different form in

these articles, he will feel free to express his likes and dislikes without being told that he just doesn't understand it, as he has probably already been told when viewing the paintings.

It will probably be of interest to those who have not had an opportunity to view the exhibition to see the list of the prize winners in the various classes of work.

It is doubtful if the awarding of cash prizes is very satisfactory to any except



DEMOLITION By VIRGINIA CUTHBERT

Charles J. Rosenbloom Award (\$75)

those who receive them. Prize pictures have a tendency to attract an undue amount of attention in relation to the rest of the show. It might be interesting to see what the result might be if the money were used as a fund with which to purchase paintings or other works of art to be placed in a small gallery in the Carnegie Institute devoted to works by Pittsburgh artists. Of course, if this were done, the Institute officials would necessarily have a voice in their selection.

These are the results, however, of a strenuous day spent by the members of the jury of award:

The Carnegie Institute Prize of \$250, which is given by the Fine Arts Committee of the Carnegie Institute for a group of paintings, was awarded to Richard Crist for two paintings in oil. "The Last Tree" is rich in color and is a defi-



RIDING STABLE By LOUISE PERSHING

Elizabeth B. Robb Memorial Prize for Water Color (\$25)



BOOKBINDING BY THOMAS W. PATTERSON

JEWELRY BY AGNES BITTAKER

Sharing the Mrs. Roy Arthur Hunt Crafts Prize (\$50)

nite, interesting treatment of a rather prosaic subject. Mr. Crist's other painting, which is reproduced in this article, is called "The Archeologists," and the color treatment of this is somewhat suggestive of the style of Karl Hofer and is a very competent piece of painting in that manner.

The Associated Artists' prizes consist of three honors accompanied by amounts of \$100, \$75, and \$50 respectively. The first and second honors and prizes are for oils, and the third honor and prize is for a water color.

The Association's first prize of \$100 was given to Barbara Pattison for her large painting called "The Blue Door"—a picture of a girl seated in a

chair in front of a blue door. It is not unusual in any respect and is painted in what might be called the "academic manner" in contrast to the two pictures by Richard Crist.

The Association's second prize of \$75 went to Margaret Edmonds Jensen for her "Portrait of a Boy." It might be mentioned at this point that forty-four of the paintings in the exhibition are included without benefit of jury. That is, if a member of the Association has had a painting accepted by the jury during ten different years, he is entitled to enter a picture that is not passed

by the jury. And, in this connection, it is interesting to note that Mrs. Jensen's "Portrait of a Boy" was entered "jury free," indicating that she felt it might not pass the jury. Not only did it pass but it received their second award, so, evidently the members of the jury felt differently about it and awarded her a prize for her interesting study of a red-haired boy.

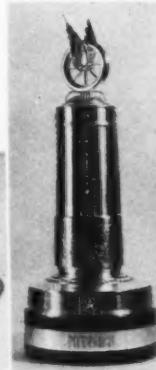
The third Association prize of \$50, which is awarded for a water color, was won by William Riggs with his "Brittany Fishing Village," loosely painted with superimposed drawing.

The \$100 prize for a



WESLEY A. MILLS

Anonymous Ceramic Award (\$25)



FREDERIC C. CLAYTER

Vernon-Benshoff Award (\$50)



FRANCES CLAYTER

Grogan Company Award (\$25)



SARAH AND ABRAHAM

By JANET DeCOUX

Pressley T. Craig Memorial
Prize (\$50)



HEAD OF RONNIE

By DOROTHY W. REISTER

Association's Sculpture
Prize (\$50)



SQUATTING GIRL FIGURE

By FRANCES B. McFADDEN

Johanna K. W. Hailman Prize for
Garden Sculpture (\$50)

Pennsylvania landscape in oils was also awarded to William Riggs for his painting called "Farm, Washington County." This is a simple composition giving an impression of two colors, green and white.

The Ida Smith Memorial Prize of \$50, donated by Gertrude Heard, and given for an oil painting of two or more figures, was taken by G. Kermit Ewing with his painting called "Always Manana." This appears to be one of the best pictures in the prize group and depicts two Mexicans whose motto is, "Don't do today what you can put off till tomorrow."

In the water-color section Virginia Cuthbert was the winner of the Charles J. Rosenbloom Award of \$75 with a large

painting entitled "Demolition." This depicts a section of a building project, with the foundations of the demolished building in the foreground and a rich red predominating.

The Elizabeth B. Robb Prize of \$25, given by the alumnae of the Pittsburgh School of Design for a water color, was awarded to Louise Pershing for her freshly brushed-in picture, "Riding Stable."

In the black and white section, the Christian J. Walter Memorial Prize of \$35 was taken by Louise Rhys with her lithograph, "Peace Conference," showing two mothers whose children have evidently caught the spirit of our time and have been attempting to settle their differences by unsettling them with a fight.



CERAMICS By ARTHUR S. PULOS
C. Fred Sauereisen Award (\$25)

This brings us to the section devoted to the crafts, including work in silver and other metals, bookbindings, weaving, ceramics, and so on. In this group, the \$50 crafts prize given annually by Mrs. Roy A. Hunt was divided between Thomas W. Patterson and Agnes Bitaker. The Vernon-Benshoff Company Award of \$50 for the finest metal-crafts object in gold, silver, or platinum was awarded to Frederic Clayter for his police trophy for the city of Pittsburgh. Frances Clayter was the winner of the Grogan Company Award of \$25 for her metal work on two bowls.

In ceramics, a \$25 prize was given by an anonymous donor to Wesley A. Mills for a bowl and two jars, and the C. Fred Sauerisen Award of \$25 went to Arthur S. Pulos for two pieces, a brown vase of interesting shape and a figure of the Christ child.

The awards for works of sculpture were as follows: the Association prize of \$50 was awarded to Dorothy Winner Reister for her "Head of Ronnie," a very sensitive piece of work; the Pressley T. Craig Memorial Prize of \$50 was awarded to Janet DeCoux for a carving in stone. This work, called "Sarah and Abraham," is notable in its restraint in form, and in the completely thought-out control of the design transition. The prize of \$50 that was donated by Mrs. Johanna K. W. Hailman for a piece of garden sculpture was given to Frances Beverley McFadden for her modernistic limestone figure of a squatting girl.

Comment has often been made in protest at the disproportionate amount of space given to paintings in reviews of

exhibitions at the expense of sculpture. This can no doubt be accounted for, as in this case, by the fact that the reviewer does not feel that he has sufficient knowledge of the problems involved to criticize intelligently. All the entries appeared to have a great deal of variety and virility.

This completes the roll of the prize winners for this year, but it must be remembered that many paintings in the exhibition were painted by mem-

bers of the Association who were not eligible for certain prizes because of the fact that they could not take a prize lower than one which they had previously been awarded. This is sometimes confusing to those not connected with the Association, but it seems to be the best method of distributing the prizes among a large number of members, and it also makes it possible for everyone

to feel that he may at some future date see his name listed in the catalogue as a prize winner.

This annual opportunity for the artists of Pittsburgh to exhibit serves as a great incentive to many of them and gives them the chance to see their work in relation to that of others.

Many people, both in the Carnegie Institute and in the Association, have given a great deal of time and effort to make this exhibition possible, and it is hoped that many Pittsburghers will visit the Institute galleries and see what their friends and neighbors have been doing in the field of art.

The exhibition will be open to the public through March 10.



PEACE CONFERENCE

By LOUISE RHYNS

Christian J. Walter Memorial Prize (\$35)

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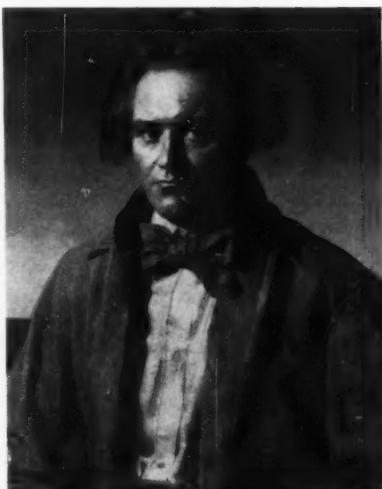
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PAINTINGS BY GERALD BROCKHURST

It is said that when Gerald Brockhurst was a student at the Birmingham School of Art one of his instructors referred to him as "the young Botticelli." The instructor had in mind, no doubt, his mastery of line, his preoccupation with classical subjects, his romanticism, and his aloofness in his art from the world in which he lives. In his early days Gerald Brockhurst copied the French and Italian primitives in Paris and Milan and, in particular, the Botticelli murals which then hung over the main stairway of the Louvre. The characteristics of the Italian masters of the Renaissance persist in this English artist. Born in a highly industrialized and mechanized civilization, he will have none of it. Rather he takes the people of his day, gives them a classical setting, and paints them in calm, aloof, serenity. His subjects seem to say: "We are in this world, though not of it." He makes them people of another age or, perhaps, endows them with timelessness. There is the magic of "Berkeley Square" about his paintings. Those who are portrayed may have lived long ago, and their prototypes may appear again in the years to come.

It is rather difficult to analyze Gerald Brockhurst, the painter, apart from Gerald Brockhurst, the etcher. He maintains that the true artist should explore both fields—painting and the



PORTRAIT OF JAMES MCBEY

Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Wiggin

graphic arts. His first work was in oil, but about 1914 he began to turn to the graphic arts. By 1924 he had become one of the outstanding etchers of his time, becoming extremely expert, particularly in the matter of his surfaces and textures. Undoubtedly, his work with the needle and copper plate—most of which was done between 1920 and 1924—has had a decided effect on his work in oil. As he perfected his personal style, refined and simplified his presentation, he seemed to have transferred these achievements to his painting. This is evident in two early canvases by Brockhurst in the present exhibition at the Carnegie Institute. The first is "Portrait of a Young Woman," which was done in 1915, and the second, "Portrait of Francis McNamara of County Clare." Both are painted in a broad, dashing, and bold manner, as compared with the exquisite delicacy of his later work, for example, "Star Mantle" or "The War Widow."

England has been fortunate in its school of portrait painters, which is at once its pride and glory, and Gerald Brockhurst takes a definite place in the long line that had its origin in two continental artists who came to live and work in England—the German Holbein and the Flemish Van Dyck. While he is in the tradition, he has added elements, also, that are found in the

Umbrian school of Italian painters. "His power of draughtsmanship," writes Hugh Stokes, "would have delighted Ingres, as indeed, for his purity and perfection of line, they would have delighted any Old Master. With the brush he has been a faithful worshiper of the painters of Milan. Their methods are his—the careful modelling, the accentuated lighting, the rich color subdued by the low tone so distinctive of the school. In his canvases he attains a solemn dignity, a serenity which is akin to the melancholy of an autumn day. In each portrait we confront 'the same cold, calm, beautiful regard' against a patterned landscape of the fields and hills so dear to the masters of Lombardy. His hand is engrossed in the mysteries of technique aiming at care and meticulous finish, the fruits of his early training. The result is always exquisite in harmony of design and perfection of craftsmanship, yet, with a few notable exceptions, unemotional, unworldly, and detached from the actuality of life. When the artist overcomes this somewhat frigid but tem-

peramental attitude, when blood surges beneath the pallid cheeks, and the black eyes glow with the fervour of the spirit, comparison is challenged with the great names of the past."

Gerald Brockhurst has exhibited paintings in Carnegie Internationals since 1922, and in 1930 his "Portrait of Henry Rushbury" was purchased for the permanent collection. In 1934 the Institute presented an exhibition of his etchings covering his work in that medium over a period of twenty years. In 1939 he visited Pittsburgh to serve on the jury of award for the International. At the present time he is in New York painting portraits.

Born in Birmingham, England, in 1890, Gerald Brockhurst entered the Birmingham School of Art at the age of twelve. In 1907 he went to London to attend the school of the Royal Academy, where he won the Landseer Scholarship, the Armitage Medal, the Decoration Medal, the British Institution Scholarship, and in 1913 the Gold Medal and Scholarship, which is the greatest prize the Academy School can bestow. This scholarship permitted him to travel on the continent and to study painting, particularly in Paris and Milan. In 1923 he became a member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, and in 1928 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy and in 1937 a Royal Academician.

The present exhibition of his paintings will continue through February 29.

J. O'C. JR.



STAR MANTLE
Lent by Charles J. Rosenbloom

WHO WAS POE'S HELEN OF TROY?

(Continued from page 258)

poet saw in a window, as told in the third verse:

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

But Hervey Allen, in his life of Poe—"Israfel," vol. 1, page 107—explains that Poe first beheld Helen Stanard herself standing in a window of her residence at Richmond, and addressed the poem to her.

VOYAGE TO THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

BY ARTHUR C. TWOMEY

Field Collector, Section of Ornithology, Carnegie Museum

II.



THE big launch would nose into the dense, overhanging foliage of the lagoon shore, and the anchor be thrown into the rank tangle. The sky was often nearly blotted out by the dark rain clouds, and, almost in a night black, we would cut our way with the machete into the forests. We could push but a few yards forward at a time, when we would be weary and would rest for a little. One day at an abrupt hill we stopped to sit down on a large log, covered deep with moss and lichens. These great temperate rain forests are almost awe inspiring, yet there is a feeling of exhilaration as well, sensed only by those who find themselves thrust into one of the few remaining little-known regions of the world. The silence on this day was unimaginable. Not even a patter of rain or the sigh of a breeze broke the stillness. I could somehow feel that each member of our party was as swept by emotions as I was when, suddenly, without warning, a small dog voice barked out from the blackness behind us. The surprise was so complete that I don't know what I expected to see moving from the tangles. But it was only a queer little bird, a russet-breasted, inquisitive little bird, hopping familiarly to a branch less than four feet away from us, and crying, "Chiduco, chiduco," in its odd, hoarse, little voice. It was a cheucau (babbler) and a bird that the Chileans of these regions consider to have supernatural powers. "Chiduco,

chiduco," he repeated, giving the call that the Chileans claim to be a good omen. If the cheucau had been giving his other call of "huitreu, huitreu," it would have meant something very unfavorable.

We saw this cheerful little bird in all the dense forests that we visited in southern Chile, and only once did we hear the warning cry of "huitreu." It was on our return journey north, when we dropped anchor in the fairyland harbor of Tres Montes. We had entered the great forest by following a tiny, narrow railroad track that connects the lighthouse of the treacherous Pacific coast with the harbor of Tres Montes. The babblers were numerous, coming out of the black forest, each calling, "huitreu, huitreu." We saw two men approaching us. Soon we found that for some reason the Chilean government supply boat had not yet turned up with expected provisions. Eight men in the lighthouse had been without food for over two weeks now, except for the few mussels that they had found along the shore.

When their plight was known, Mr. Mellon made certain that they did not leave the *Vagabondia* empty-handed. I can still see the smiling haggard faces as they pulled away from the yacht, their dory loaded with provisions until only a few inches of free board was left. What a feast those men must have had that night, warm and fed in their great lighthouse, with the merciful spot of light still shining on that dreaded coast. That evening, as we left the Gulf of Penos and rounded the Peninsula of Tres Montes, into the full sweep of the South Pacific, the bright gleam from the lighthouse steadily flashed its warning. Then a most unprecedented thing happened.

The light went out for a long moment and then flashed a great beam straight out toward us. Six times they saluted the *Vagabondia* as a token of their appreciation. Then the light resumed its steady signal of warning to all ships at sea: "Stand clear of this coast." As we pushed forward, the black night became blacker. A wind was rising, as the light of *Tres Montes* became a speck in the distance and finally vanished altogether.

As long as we were at Elefantes Gulf, I took the opportunity to make a study of the little bird of omens, for the cheuau resumed its own investigation and followed us as we moved. At times these birds would be so tame that we were nearly able to catch them. They always stayed close to the ground, hopping about among the vines and roots, their little stumpy tails held over their backs after the manner of wrens. The cheuau was but one among many that were strange. At the edges of the forests the ruby-crowned hummingbird fed in the huge masses of wild fuchsia blossoms. At times a swiftly flying flock of Chilean parakeets set up a terrific din as they darted by or flew up and alighted on the lofty crown of an antarctic beech. Out in the cold waters of the lagoon Magellanic penguins hunted for fish, looking very loonlike as they swam along on the surface. In the southern spring these penguins enter the forest and nest in burrows under the rank vegetation. It seemed strange indeed to find hummingbirds, parrots, and penguins all nesting in the same general locality. On some of the large,

standing, dead trees there were evidences of work by the Magellan woodpeckers. Later, at Puerto Montt, we saw two of these birds with their flaming scarlet crests. They were the size and shape of our northern pileated woodpeckers and resembled them also in color and in call.

Our few days at Elefantes Gulf had been filled with lasting memories. It was only when we were leaving that I suddenly felt as if I were lifted out of a dream. We were leaving the enchanted forests. The broad expanse of San Rafael lagoon was studded with floating blocks of glacial ice; graceful black-necked swans, frantically swimming ahead of the launch, flapped their molted feathers as we sailed away, to push steadily south.

Cape Froward, the most southerly point on continental South America, stood out in bold relief on the north shore of the Straits of Magellan. All the old-time stories of sailing vessels and of their weeks of toil before any attempted navigation of the Straits at once flooded my mind. As we entered the Straits that morning, the water was quiet, the day bright, and there was hardly a cloud in the sky—a most infrequent experience, it is said, for this vicinity. To the south was the towering, rugged, snow-and-ice-capped mountains of *Tierra del Fuego*. Great Osorno, the highest point on that rugged land mass, rose to ninety-eight hundred feet above sea level—and looked it! Its twin peaks, glistening white in the sun, rested in a small bank of clouds. The great glacier reached down from its slopes, sprawling out over a tremendous ice field.



PAGELS: THE PIRATE OF THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN



SEA LIONS ON CHILE'S DESERT COAST

Land of eternal snow, much of it yet untrdden by man.

Here and there, on the grim, rocky shores of islands, derelicts of once-proud steamers that were unable to steam the raging tempests of the Straits, now lie rusting and breaking up—mute and disturbing evidence of less fortunate navigators than we.

Eventually we reached Punta Arenas, Chile, the most southerly city in the world. It is nestled at the edge of the high foothills of the Andean Cordilleras, which continue on to the west, and at the beginning of the vast Patagonian pampas that stretches off into low-rolling hills, eastward and northward. Punta Arenas is a thriving frontier town, bustling with the activities of a sheep and cattle ranching community. Here we were guests of the Braun family, and while Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Mellon and Mr. E. P. Mellon visited the town and the residential section, I proceeded by car to Mr. Braun's famous sheep ranch, where all of us met later in the day.

The sheep ranch was in a typical pampas region. The pampas stretched out in every direction, resembling

strongly the western Canadian prairies familiar to me. The difference that I observed was in the bird life. One of the first things I noticed, on a small green meadow close to a tiny pond, was a majestic pair of rheas and their family of five striped young. They were quietly grazing on the green plants, but, on seeing us, they ambled off at a surprising, swinging gait over the brow of a nearby hill, making, for a moment, a perfect scene. We watched them vanishing from view, but soon we were aware that a head and a portion of a long neck of the male bird was but partly concealed in a shrubby growth at the crest of a nearby hill. He still watched our every move. Hoping for a picture, we climbed after him as quickly as possible, but our only reward was a glimpse of the great bird as it swung over the crest of the next high ridge.

As we returned to the car, I was startled to hear a cry that really did take me back many thousands of miles to the arctic tundras of Canada. With one mind I saw for a moment both the surrounding pampas with its grass and mossy rolling hills, and the subarctic profusion of small lakes and ponds, as I



AN ANCIENT CHILEAN OX-DRIVER WATCHES AN AUTOMOBILE SPEED BY

listened to the wild cry of the Hudsonian curlew. For me, it was a grand surprise to find this familiar North American migratory bird here in its winter home, and in association with rheas, spur-winged plovers, and ashy-headed geese.

Our visit to the pampas was short, as we were anxious to be on our way into the inside passages of Tierra del Fuego. Often we would look off to the south, across the intervening stretch of the Straits of Magellan, toward the "Land of Fire." To the west, the high rugged icebound mountains glistened in the distance; to the east, the island gave way to a gentle slope seeming to disappear into the sea at its eastern extremity. Patagonia, perhaps the most famous sheep-ranch country in the world, is yet one of the least-known places on the globe.

We were pleased to learn that our guide within Tierra del Fuego was to be Mr. Pagels, more commonly known as the "Pirate of the Straits of Magellan," or, locally to the Fuegian Indians, as "Put-Put." We paid a visit to Pagels at his famous old home in Punta Arenas, the meeting place of all the German

dignitaries who pass through. His house was outwardly plain, a great rambling structure; but on the inside it was very informally comfortable, lined with pictures of people, of Patagonia, of Tierra del Fuego, and with racks full of old books. Many of the books were scientific reports or popular accounts of explorations into Pagels' country. In all these, Pagels was mentioned as guide, a man ever highly respected and honored for his vast interest and knowledge of all the living things in Patagonia. In the back yard of his house we had interrupted him at his work; six large macaroni, or crested, penguins stalked around nearby in a puddle of mud. Pagels looked up at us from a pile of penguin skins that extended in dozens of great yellow odoriferous rows; ten thousand skins, he told us, were in the shed, ready to be shipped to Europe, there to be made into "leather" goods. Pagels was a man of at least sixty-five, with white hair, and a neat Vandyke; he towered at least six feet, four inches in height. He had great broad shoulders, a deep, pleasant, strongly German-accented voice, and a most kindly face. His welcome to us was one of the

heartiest and friendliest I have ever experienced. We were at once his friends, for we had a definite interest in the land that he loved and that he has known now for forty-odd years. He would gladly show us his mountains, his glaciers, his hidden fjords, and the dark forest of his *Tierra del Fuego*!

Tierra del Fuego, the "Land of Fire," is actually a land where all the storms of the two great oceans of the earth meet together—where snow, sleet, rain, hail, fog, and bright sunshine can all happen in the course of a single day. Glistening glaciers run for miles across the interior plateaus and high peaks. The glacial floods of ice push down into the valleys, tumbling and roaring indescribably as great two-hundred-foot columns of ice break and crash all at one time into the sea. The mountain faces gush with hundreds of cataracts that go falling seemingly into dark green forests of antarctic and evergreen beech trees. The forests are so dense and luxuriant that they grow on slopes rising almost perpendicularly out of the salt water. At intervals, a ribbon of rock two hundred yards across sometimes lies bared, as if a giant finger had suddenly rubbed

out a stretch of forest, and pushed it into the ocean; for, from sheer weight, the dense beech forests—many of the trees two to three and a half feet in diameter and standing sixty to one hundred feet high—have begun slowly to tear away from their shallow root systems and drop off into the sea.

Pagels showed us his hidden glacial fjord that he called *Christmas Night Bay*. Rushing tor-

rents of fresh water dashed into the beautiful little harbor. The whole was framed by lofty mountains and the dark green of almost impenetrable forests.

It was wonderful to see the grandeur of such surroundings with Pagels, who was so filled with the joy of the country he called his own. At times he would point to a precipitous mountain meadow covered with yellow flowers and repeat: "Beautiful, beautiful, my mountains, my glaciers, the most beautiful in the world!" When we talked of leaving, he would say: "But you have not seen my country, there are more glaciers, more forests, far more beautiful places that I, only, know. I can take you to them. I want you who are interested in Nature as it has always been to stay just a while longer; you have not seen half."

One afternoon, as we were out in the big fishing launch with Pagels, he suddenly became very much excited and started pointing at a cliff that rose sixty feet sheer from the water's edge, crying, "Lobos! lobos!" But there was nothing in sight—only a pair of black vultures sitting on a small shelf, high up on the face of the cliff. He kept repeating



DIPPING SHEEP ON THE BRAUN RANCH

This immersion in an antiseptic solution takes place soon after the shearing process.



AROUND THE HORN

"lobos" and still we could not see any sea lions but as we slipped up closer, a big round head broke the water's surface and then, with a loud splash, a large bull Patagonian sea lion plainly dove. Another sea lion broke water almost under the launch, which was by this time very close to the cliff. It was apparent that the beasts were coming out of a cave from behind the cliff, and that the cave had an underwater exit to the sea. We found a hole, about five feet across, from which we could look down into the large cave. There on the dark rock floor could be seen a female Patagonian sea lion and her young one. The moment we began to move, the female slid into the water, leaving her pup in a state of confusion. All at once, a terrific roar echoed from the dark, gloomy, back chambers of the cave. The noise kept increasing in volume until the rocks fairly vibrated. With this challenge, a great lordly bull shuffled to the top of a smooth, rounded shelf of rock below us. Two beams of bright sunlight, coming from the opposite sides of the high-vaulted roof of the cave, fell full on the great beast's mas-

sive body. His dry fur, now bristling, gave him a dark tawny look. There was a tremendous breadth of his powerful neck and shoulders, and with broad head held high, and his mouth open, exposing his long fangs, he bellowed out his uncontrollable rage. He had been disturbed in the solitude of his own cave, where he is the master of a sleek harem. For a full five minutes we watched him as he stood statuelike in his glory, a proud and noble mammal, the beams of sunlight making him appear as a distinguished actor taking applause after an outstanding performance. Soon he moved off and splashed into the water, which seemed to be a signal to the remaining herd, for they piled down from the inner blackness of the den like a stampeding herd of cattle. Suddenly we heard shouts from the launch and, looking in its direction, could see Pagels and one of the boys frantically paddling the light dory back toward the launch, for the massed herd diving under their bow was tossing the boat about as in a choppy sea.

As we moved from the cliffs, a black vulture circled high overhead. A big,

massive head rose above the surface, rolled over, looked in our direction, and slipped beneath the surface, leaving only a slight ripple. The great bull had vanished, leading his harem away from this unaccustomed disturbance, until solitude should reign once again in his age-old glacial cave.

Back at Punta Arenas we reluctantly left Pagels behind and moved on, from this time forth going steadily northward, following the inside passages of southern Chile. Additional stops were made for further collecting in this vast expanse of temperate rain forests, but I was sharply aware that now we were really heading for home. On the coming day our course would lead us once more on and away, far out to sea.

INTERNATIONAL WATER COLOR EXHIBITION

Each year the Art Institute of Chicago holds an International Water Color Exhibition, and each year a selection of water colors from that exhibition is shown at the Carnegie Institute. It is looked forward to by the ever growing

number of artists in Pittsburgh who work in water color and by the public which finds in that medium an art expression that is satisfying and has validity for given scenes and moods.

The international aspect of the present exhibition is limited, as most of the water colors are by American artists. This, however, gives an opportunity to demonstrate what a live, diversified, and vital medium water color has become in the United States. The English possessed a strong school of water colorists, and the Americans followed in its tradition, but that is no longer the situation. The American school has developed dramatic qualities, modes of expression, and an adaptation to various forms of art that give it a place all its own.

Sensitive line and delicate wash characterize the English water-color style, as exemplified in the charming landscapes by James McBey, Muirhead Bone, and Sir D. Y. Cameron. Within the French school a variety of trends is apparent, as might be expected where the artists are daring and given to experiment. Decorative feeling and refinement of detail combine to make the work of Maurice de Vlaminck, André Dunoyer de Segonzac, Jean Dufy, Marc Chagall, and Edy Legrand distinctive in the exhibition. The examples of the German expressionists, Emil Nolde and Karl Schmidt-Rottluff, are robust and colorful.

It is not possible to define the American style, so varied are the subjects and the artists' ways of approaching their problems. On the whole, the Americans are free and direct in their methods and respect the limitation of the water-color medium. Most of them follow in the grand tradition of Winslow Homer. Among the Americans represented are John Whorf, Eliot O'Hara, Barse Miller, Charles Burchfield, Mahonri Young, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Millard Sheets, Russell Twiggs, Edward Hopper, Sanford Ross, Waldo Peirce, Walt Dehner, and William Meyerowitz.

J. O'C. JR.



TENNENT CHURCH
By SANFORD ROSS



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



JASON listened to a song that Penelope was singing about gardens:

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells, and silver bells,
And pretty maids, all in a row.

He laughed inwardly. "Penelope," he cried, "I know a better song than that. Listen to this:

The King was in his counting house
Counting out his money,
The Queen was in her garden
Eating bread and honey.

"You see, Penelope," the Gardener continued, "the money is coming in to us in such a steady stream that I have to stay here, just like that King, and keep counting it all day." Whereupon, Penelope remarked that in that case she saw no reason why she should not continue to stay among her flowers, eating bread and honey.

Well, the first man to come upon Jason last month was a member of the Patrons Art Fund, who handed him a check for \$1,000, and said, very cheerily, "I owe you \$6,000 more, payable \$1,000 a year for six years; and you don't know how happy it makes me to realize that I am taking even a small part in this Carnegie Institute work."

Then, we told last month about the man who came to Jason and gave him a check for \$5,000, and walked out in silence. That check made \$15,000 that this man had given—all for the Carnegie Institute of Technology 1946 Endowment Fund—so that his \$15,000 is worth \$45,000 in the 1946 settlement. That's why Jason and Penelope are singing so happily. But that man had no sooner gone away from Jason's cottage than another man—noted for his civic service—came in, and he, too, gave Jason \$5,000, and that check likewise made the third similar contribution—\$15,000—which will also be worth \$45,000 in 1946. A Garden of Gold if ever there was one!

The Library is not forgotten. A group of friends—a very small group—have just given Director Munn a gift of money—\$6,000—we shall tell more about that later on—and thus the golden stream keeps ever in flow, and ever in fruit, in works that can never perish.

But what keeps Jason busy every minute of his working day is the enthusiastic participation of the boys and girls and men and women of Carnegie Tech who are giving of their limited means all the time. Here is the brief story of what they have done through the Alumni Federation in this one month:

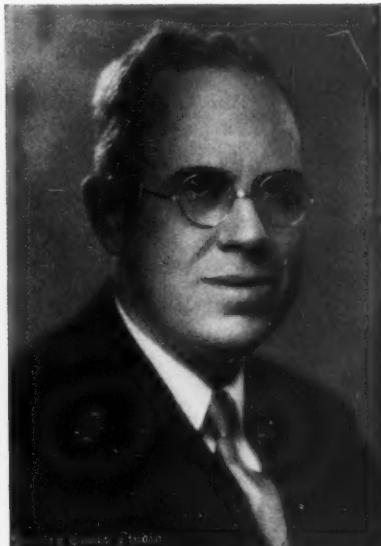
One group, comprising Miriam Bond Channing, G. A. Martin, and S. Alton Smith, has contributed \$20. Another group, giving \$55, includes Stella E. Hartman, Edward R. Jones, Parks W. Miller, Rolf Selquist, and H. P. Sleezman. And there are two gifts for \$100 each, specifically marked for the Chemistry Department Fund, from two donors who have consistently supported this fund since it began. And then there is \$41 from William Goudy Jr., George J. Gregus, John H. Kinghorn, A. R. Kommel, Ralph E. Kramer, Willett A. Snook, and Frank E. Swindells. Beside all these, there is a gift of \$1,019 from a small group comprising J. C. Hobbs, Harold N. Gemmill, J. B. Hildebrand, Margaret J. Hildebrand, Chester H. Hotz, and John M. Leonard.

All these gifts together, added to the amounts already reported during the years since 1927, make the new totals now: for the Carnegie Institute, \$1,261,231.49; and for the Carnegie Library, \$40,379.12; and for the Carnegie Institute of Technology, \$1,555,722.65—of which \$230,745.68 is for operation and equipment, and \$1,324,976.97 for 1946 Endowment, which reduces the \$4,000,000 we have undertaken to raise to \$2,675,023.03—or a grand total of \$2,857,333.26.

OUR NEW TRUSTEES



FRED W. WEIR



WALTER R. DEMMLER

FRED W. WEIR was born in Pittsburgh January 6, 1882, and has lived his entire life in this city. He started to work in a pipe mill when a mere boy and has kept it up ever since, and if there is anyone who knows everything about pipes it is he. He is now the general superintendent of the Spang Chalfant Division of the National Supply Company, located at Etna, Pennsylvania.

In January, 1936, he was appointed to fill a vacancy in the City Council of Pittsburgh, and was elected on the Democratic ticket to a full term in that office in 1937. In January, 1940, President O'Toole of City Council appointed Mr. Weir a member of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, which carries with it membership in the Carnegie Institute and the Carnegie Institute of Technology Boards.

WALTER R. DEMMLER, who served as a trustee at a previous date but who resigned because of ill health, has again returned to our boards through an appointment by President O'Toole. Mr. Demmler, too, was born in Pittsburgh and has lived all his life in this city. He began his career as an errand boy with the Demmler and Schenck Company, established by his grandfather, and was its secretary until he resigned to accept public office.

First elected to City Council in 1933 and now serving his second term, Mr. Demmler is one of the two Council members who are the oldest in point of service. He has a deep and active interest in civic affairs and takes his responsibilities of public service seriously. He is very influential in church organizations and was president for many years of the Lutheran Inner Mission Society of Pittsburgh.

THE PATRONS ART FUND

*A Collection of All the Paintings Purchased through This Fund
Will Be Shown As a Unit Through March 3*

THE story of the Patrons Art Fund has been told before, but it will bear repetition on the occasion of the eighteenth anniversary of the establishment of the Fund, and particularly on this occasion when the paintings purchased through the Fund have been assembled for the first time for exhibition as a unit. The exhibition is in the nature of a pictorial report of the Fund and its usefulness up to the present time. It is also a tribute to the citizens of Pittsburgh who subscribed the money that has permitted the Carnegie Institute to add thirty-nine paintings to its permanent collection.

Until the establishment of the Patrons Art Fund, practically all the paintings in the Institute collection had been acquired from endowment funds provided by Andrew Carnegie, although a few had been added by gift. As the general expenses of the Department of Fine Arts increased after 1920, it became apparent that there would be a gradually decreasing amount that could be allocated to the purchase of paintings. The Patrons Art Fund has helped to solve this problem over a period of years.

Shortly before Founder's Day in

1922, the late Willis F. McCook, lawyer, industrial leader, and art collector, outlined to Samuel Harden Church, the President of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Institute, his plan for the establishment of an art fund. He said, in effect, to Mr. Church: "I have always wanted to do something for the Carnegie Institute. It is a wonderful thing Andrew Carnegie has done for Pittsburgh, and the time has come when some of the people of Pittsburgh ought to show their appreciation of it in a practical manner. I have been thinking out a way to get the thing started. I will tell you what I will do. I will give you ten thousand dollars for the purchase of paintings for the art gallery, payable one thousand a year for ten years, provided you can get nine others to make a similar subscription."

Then, on Founder's Day, Mr. McCook placed his proposition in the hands of Mr. Church, and the Patrons Art Fund was born. The following day the second subscription came in, in a few more days another one arrived, and before long the number of subscribers was twenty-one. It is with appreciation that their names are set down here:



YOUNG WOMEN PICKING FRUIT
BY MARY CASSATT

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

MRS. EDWARD H. BINDLEY

PAUL BLOCK

*GEORGE W. CRAWFORD

*B. G. FOLLANSBEE

MRS. WILLIAM N. FREW

In memory of William N. Frew

MRS. DAVID LINDSAY GILLESPIE and

MISS MABEL LINDSAY GILLESPIE

In memory of David Lindsay Gillespie

HOWARD HEINZ

*MISS MARY L. JACKSON

In memory of her brother, John Beard Jackson

*GEORGE LAUDER

*ALBERT C. LEHMAN

*WILLIS F. COOK

*ANDREW W. MELLON

*RICHARD B. MELLON

WILLIAM LARIMER MELLON

*F. F. NICOLA

*MRS. JOHN L. PORTER

MRS. HENRY R. REA

WILLIAM H. ROBINSON

ERNEST T. WEIR

EMIL WINTER

*MRS. JOSEPH R. WOODWELL and

MRS. JAMES D. HAILMAN

In memory of Joseph R. Woodwell

Many of the subscribers have passed on to their eternal reward, but the Fund remains a living and growing memorial, not only to these citizens, but also to others who may wish to share in Andrew Carnegie's gift to the city of Pittsburgh. For the subscription list is always open.

It should be set down here that the Carnegie Corporation of New York has doubled the first one hundred and fifty thousand dollars subscribed to the Fund. This extra money has not been added to the Patrons Art Fund, however, but has been placed in the endowment of the Carnegie Institute.

The first purchase made was the painting, "Young Women Picking Fruit," by Mary Cassatt. This was an appropriate gesture because Mary Cassatt, one of the great women artists of all times, was born in Pittsburgh. The latest purchase was "Georgia Jungle," by Alexander Brook, which had been awarded the First Prize in the 1939 International.

*Deceased



PORTRAIT OF A BOY

BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT

As has been indicated, this exhibition as a unit of the thirty-nine paintings purchased through the Patrons Art Fund is a pictorial report presented by the Director of Fine Arts and the Fine Arts Committee of the Carnegie Institute. But it is something more. It is a tribute of heartfelt respect and gratitude to the subscribers to the Fund, who have become partners of Andrew Carnegie, as he hoped Pittsburghers would, in his gift to the city.

The exhibition opened on February 7 and will continue through March 3.

J. O'C. JR.

MASTERPIECES OF ART

THE exhibition, Masterpieces of Art, which will open at the Carnegie Institute on March 15 and will continue through April 14, will include forty-six paintings from famous foreign collections that were shown at the World's Fair, in New York, and the Golden Gate International Exposition at San Francisco.



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Reviewing Maxim Gorki's "The Lower Depths"

BY HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

Professor of the History of Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology



WHEN, in 1932, the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Union celebrated the fortieth anniversary of Gorki's literary activity, and presented him with the Order of Lenin, all the speakers and the writers of addresses, from the representatives of the Revolutionary Military Council and the All-Union Central Council of Labor Unions down to the Longshoremen of Nizhni Novgorod, spoke and wrote of him as if he were some sort of superpamphleteer. They lauded to the skies his prowess in "smiting the old world of capitalism which is rotten to the core . . . the Philistines who hiss behind corners and the other enemies of the Soviet land." They crowed over his exposure of "the spiritual obtuseness of the petty bourgeoisie and the barbarism of bourgeois society." I doubt if all this smiting of the capitalist and battering of the bourgeois, though very flattering and useful to the U. S. S. R., would have carried Gorki's fame much beyond the Russian border if he had not been possessed of other and greater gifts.

"The Lower Depths" was first performed by the Moscow Art Theater, for whom it was written, some years before Gorki had met Lenin and been proclaimed by him "the most significant representative of proletarian art"—whatever "proletarian art" is. It seems to me you might just as well speak of "Presbyterian art." Gorki had not yet

become the official literary champion of the party, though very shortly afterward we find him protesting to his erstwhile producers against the performance of a dramatization of Dostoevski's "The Possessed" on the grounds that it did not "exhort to boldness and spiritual health."

Several plays have come from Gorki's pen since the writing of "The Lower Depths," but none of them has had any success outside his own country, principally, I imagine, because, like so much recent Russian work, they were too top-heavy with propaganda.

It is hard to believe that Gorki's amazingly vivid characterization and that power of projecting his personages beyond the scenes in which they actually appear should have disappeared after writing a single play. The shortcomings of "The Lower Depths" are so obvious that they are hardly worth mentioning. The play is completely formless—it might just as well end with the third act—and it would not make much difference if the first and the second act were played in reverse order. His philosophy—all that maundering about the "meaning of life"—although quite in character in the mouths of the poor, sodden, muddleheaded creatures that utter it, is, as philosophy, vague and childish. But his characters in this one play—even those who appear for a few moments only: the Tartar "prince," the fat old woman who sells meat pies, the drunk young man with the concertina—show such richness of invention and are so truly real and living individuals that they are worthy to stand beside those of Dickens. I can think of no modern dramatist who could have bettered them. It is true that they are

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frequently long-winded and tiresome and confused, but they are none the less real on that account. And such amazing variety within such a narrow framework—the four walls of a squalid "flop-house"! Those fearsome bugaboos, the Capitalist and the Bourgeois, are not introduced, even by way of contrast, unless we are meant to consider Kostilioff and his wife and her policeman-brother as examples of the latter.

About fifteen years ago I saw the Moscow Art Theater perform "The Lower Depths." It was an absolutely flawless performance. In spite of my complete ignorance of Russian, I can now conceive of no other possible way of doing it. For me Moskvin actually was, and always will be, the old pilgrim Luka, coming like a breath of country air into the fetid lodging house and comforting with heartbreaking tenderness the dying Anna. And the Anna was Madame Ouspenskaya, who, thank Heaven, we can still occasionally see illuminating with her art an otherwise indifferent moving picture. There was Kachalov as the Baron—an extraordinarily subtle piece of work. If I have forgotten the names of the others, their performance I shall never forget.

I feel, therefore, at a great disadvantage in attempting to give a just esti-

mate of the recent performance in the Little Theater. I expect it was an averagely good one, and that I should have enjoyed it more than I did if my head had not been stuffed with preconceived notions of the manner in which the play and the characters should be done. E. W. Hickman directed and got out of his actors, as he always does, a smooth and workmanlike performance. I thought there was more shouting than necessary. Most of the characters were too undernourished to be able to make so much noise, though perhaps not Wassilissa, who made most of it. The off-stage fights were really terrifying in their realism. Mr. Hickman's flair for effective and natural grouping, combined with Robert Finkel's very well-designed setting, made "The Lower Depths" a pleasant thing to look at.

All the roles were double-cast. According to the new arrangement, one cast plays the earlier performances and the other the later ones. "First" and "second," therefore, refer merely to the order of the performances. A second cast may be as good as, or even better than, a first.

In the first cast there was a good Luka who delivered his Tolstoian preachments of love and nonresistance with apparent sincerity. He was really touch-



HUGH F. SMITH

STUDENTS PLAYERS DEPICTING A SCENE IN GORKI'S "THE LOWER DEPTHS"

ing in his scenes with the dying Anna—a part which was also well played. The young thief Pepel was fresh and boyish—perhaps a mite too boyish at times. The Wassilissa had a fine tigerish quality, and the Masha was contrastingly lamblike—one of those vague spineless young women who drift through all Russian plays. There was an amusing Alyoschka.

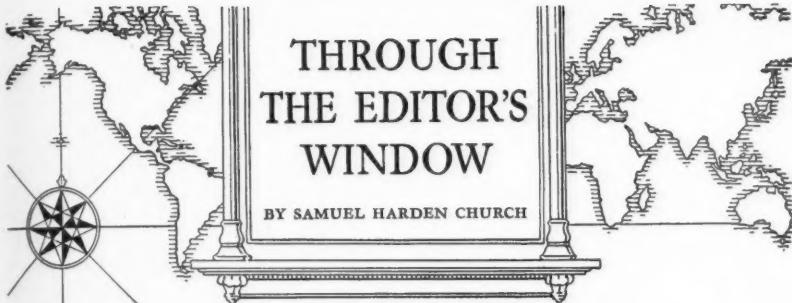
The second cast also gave us a vigorous Wassilissa, who, if less convincing in her scenes with Pepel than the first, came into her own in the denunciatory scene at the end of the third act. In this scene the second Masha was also at her best and gave the character more personality. The Pepel was a more somber and mature person. I liked the slimy religiosity of the landlord Kostiloff. The Luka gave one a curious impression of savoring some secret joke, of having, as it were, something up his sleeve. I do not know if this rendering of the part was intentional, but if so, it is apparently defensible. One of Gorki's Soviet admirers speaks of Luka's trying "by means of pleasant lies to console people and to make them bear their troubles with more patience." The brutish Klestsch was convincing, and the difficult part of Sahtin interestingly played. In both casts the important part of the Baron was adequately performed, though I think there is more in the part than either actor brought out.

The name of the translator of "The Lower Depths" did not appear on the program. Whoever he was, though he may have had a profound knowledge of Russian, he had a very imperfect feeling for colloquial English. Gorki's language, we are always told by those who can read him in the original, is notably racy, but in the present translation we have illiterate slum dwellers delivering themselves of such elegancies as: "Why do you lie so unceasingly?" and "My heart is despondent." This pseudoliterary English gives a strange air of unreality and artificiality to the characters into whose mouths it is put.

DEATH OF MR. McARDLE



PETER J. McARDLE, who died on Monday, January 1, 1940, was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, which carries with it membership in the Boards of Trustees of the Carnegie Institute and the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Born in Belpre, Ohio, in 1874, Mr. McARDLE was an orphan at five, a steel-worker at fifteen; and at thirty-one he was chosen President of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, a promotion that required his removal to Pittsburgh. As a heater by trade and as president of the amalgamated workers, Mr. McARDLE soon became prominent as a representative of labor and was elected to City Council, where he began a career of public service that he followed with fidelity, intelligence, and devotion up to the hour of his death. Experienced in municipal affairs and skilful in debate, he was recognized for years as one of the ablest of the city's councilmen. His interest in his trusteeship of Mr. Carnegie's benefactions was no less lively than in his other work and Mr. McARDLE took a constant and directing part in developing these three cultural and educational institutions.



THE ROAD TO CIVILIZATION

ANDREW CARNEGIE dedicated millions of money during his lifetime to the propagation of peace throughout the world; and in his will he directed that the residue of his fortune that was committed to his trustees should be used to any extent within their discretion for the achievement of that end. Without hesitation he declared that peace was the paramount objective of all life; and here at Pittsburgh he exhorted his trustees, in developing the noble institutions he was then creating, to keep this first aim of civilization ever in their thoughts.

But a general devotion to peace was not enough for his eager spirit, and he formed a special body, called by him, The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, entrusting its leadership to men of extraordinary talent and character, like Elihu Root, Nicholas Murray Butler, and James T. Shotwell, and a score of similar men, in America and in Europe, who have organized public opinion throughout the world in favor of peace, until now it can be safely stated that a fraction over ninety-nine per cent of the human family regard war as an abomination worse than any plague that has ever devastated the earth. "Peace," said John Milton in his sonnet to Oliver Cromwell, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." But the victories of peace require organization and penalties no less than the victories of war.

In laying "a moral embargo" on shipments of certain war materials to nations who have made themselves aggressors against the peace, dignity, and security of their neighbors, the United States Government has taken a step that puts into emphatic action the deep indignation of the American people on the subject of war. All other means of frustrating the criminal ambitions of politicians like Hitler and Stalin have failed utterly. It has been shown by tragic experience that institutions such as the League of Nations, the Treaty of Locarno, and, most solemn of all, the Kellogg-Briand Pact of Paris abolishing war as an instrument of national policy are, whenever they are put to the test, entirely without power to restrain the men who have usurped the control of great military forces. It was so with Japan, with Mussolini, with Hitler, and finally, it was so with Stalin when he thought that Hitler had prepared an easy path for him toward the seizure of rich booty. One after the other, these adventurers forsook their pledges, resigned from their highly moral engagements, and entered upon their respective careers of international aggression.

And all the time, while they were riding, as the Bible symbolizes it, "in blood up to their horses' bridles," America was reaping a certain financial profit through the sale of war materials, the use of which enormously increased the suffering, anguish, and death among the people in the invaded lands.

Then came the awakening to our re-

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sponsibility in the actual promotion of the slaughter of the innocents; and suddenly, at Washington, our Government listened to the rising cry of outraged protest among our people and announced this new policy of the moral embargo.

It becomes an inspiring thought that, in doing this, we as a nation have possibly stumbled upon a new pathway to permanent peace. Let us just look at the potentialities of the instrument of coercion that this policy has placed in our hands—for we are not going to be satisfied with the stoppage of "airplane supplies to aggressors who bomb women and children." The prohibition should be enlarged until it comprises every article of intercourse between the people of the United States and the people of every war-making nation on earth. Let it be further enacted, then, that no shipments of any kind—things of war or things of peace—shall go to any aggressor, and no shipments of any kind shall be received from them. No mail shall be interchanged with their countries. There shall be no travel from our people to theirs, nor from their people to ours. When they permit their rulers to do what Hitler has done, they become, in our regard, a dead people.

The twenty-one republics on the Western Hemisphere have already intimated that they are ready to go with us in this first step of the moral embargo. Suppose that we and they unite in this total suppression of intercourse, suppose that all the western nations of Europe join the crusade for peace; suppose that this perfected and complete annihilation of intercourse shall be applied at once against Germany and against Japan and against Russia; and suppose that it is maintained until the malefactors who have brought war upon the earth, under a new law of personal guilt, are arrested and executed! We shall then be in a position to exhort every ruler, again employing a quaint Bible phrase: "Let him eschew evil, and do good; let him seek peace, and ensue it."

For we must abandon once and for all the false philosophy that war comes from economic distress. How absurd is that doctrine! Economic distress comes from war. And war comes from the ambition, the hatred, the will to murder and destroy, that move men like Hitler.

THE OPEN HAND OF GOD

KING GEORGE, in the Christmas message that was broadcast by him to the people of the British Empire, closed his moving address with this quotation:

I said to a man who stood at the gate of the years, "Give me a light, that I may tread safely into the unknown," and he replied, "Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than a light and safer than a known way."

The startling audacity and beauty of the words aroused an instant curiosity as to their authorship. King George, when appealed to by the reporters, stated that he had found the quotation in the London Times, contributed by a reader who had read it on a Christmas card. The brains of intellectual England were then ransacked to locate the author; all the famous writers acknowledged their ignorance of its source; all the librarians confessed that they could not find it in the usual volumes of popular quotations; and at last the British Broadcasting Corporation announced that the author was Miss M. L. Haskins, who used the words as an introduction to a book of verses called, "The Desert," printed and circulated privately many years ago. The prominence given to the stately sentiment by the King of Great Britain has probably insured it a final immortality which it highly merits. For, beyond all else, the invocation touches the eternal spirit of man, apparently so helpless in himself to avert the murder and destruction of war. The Bible furnishes a good background for the sentiment, in John 1:4-5, "In Him was life; and the life was the light of man. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not."

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PITTSBURGH'S ORCHESTRA PROBLEM

WHEN the old Pittsburgh Orchestra was dissolved a good many years ago a group of Pittsburgh people who could not live without music organized the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association, which is still in active existence, and arranged to bring into this city each year the best orchestras in the land. These public-spirited citizens were performing this fine service when another group undertook the task of building a new orchestra that was to be Pittsburgh's own. Immediately there was a question of policy as between the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association and the Pittsburgh Symphony Society as to whether, in the deep economic distress of these disheartening years, any outside orchestras should be brought here, or whether it would not be better to organize our Pittsburgh musicians to the high enterprise of furnishing this food of the spirit and at the same time enabling them to live by the exercise of their professions. There were, very naturally, two opinions on the subject, and when an earnest discussion showed that these opinions were at that time irreconcilable, the two vice presidents of the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association, Mr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Church, resigned from that group and devoted their energies to the promotion of the local undertaking.

After a few preliminary years of trial, Fritz Reiner, one of the greatest orchestra builders and conductors in the world, was brought to Pittsburgh. He was given help, sympathy, and money, and in three years he has brought the local orchestra up from a somewhat mediocre state until, in the judgment of competent eastern critics, it stands in the grand procession of orchestras in this proud ranking: Boston, Philadelphia, New York Philharmonic, Pittsburgh, and Chicago; and the loyal and magnificent support which it is receiving from its great audiences has given to the entire community a feeling of confidence in its constant approach toward perfection.

In the meantime this old question of policy is still very much alive. Now, no one who views the problem intelligently would say that the outside orchestras should be excluded from Pittsburgh. It would be suicidal to hold the prejudiced view that our own orchestra is enough and that we will not suffer competition. But so long as there are two orchestra associations in Pittsburgh, one standing exclusively for the employment of outside organizations, and the other mainly for the development of an orchestra that will mark the power and majesty of Pittsburgh—so long as these rival interests endure, just so long will the unflagging efforts to maintain the local organization be a backbreaking enterprise.

We are not proposing to do away with the ever-welcome visits of these other great orchestras. What we do fervently propose is that the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association will merge its entire membership with the Pittsburgh Symphony Society, ready to put its first emphasis ungrudgingly on the growth and maintenance of this majestic Pittsburgh Orchestra. Then, let the consolidated body continue to arrange visits from the other organizations, but arrange them on dates that will not conflict with the local schedule, conducting the whole enterprise as one that has no competition in the reach for public patronage, and that holds the welfare of the Pittsburgh Orchestra as above all others in the field of instrumental music.

EARL BROWDER'S MIND

NO citizen who is truly American in his soul can escape an element of wonder in contemplating the career of Earl Browder, who has recently been convicted of the forgery of passports. Mr. Browder is the confessed leader of the Russian Communists in the United States. He would use all the powers of his followers, if they were only numerous enough, to overthrow the Constitution and Government of this country, and substitute the tyranny and ir-

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responsible rule of the Russian adventurers for the ordered liberty of America.

Why would he do that? Why would any American do that? Why would he trade the Bill of Rights for the impulsive and unrestrained absolutism of Stalin? The spirit of Ivan the Terrible is still rampant in Russia. A frown from the chief usurper, whoever he may be, and Mr. Browder would be "liquidated" without a trial by jury such as was accorded to him the other day in New York. In his speech before the court he seemed to be trying to hide his shame when he declared his Russian proclivities. He was like a man wearing clothes that don't fit him. Why, then, would Earl Browder, or any other American, misuse his time and jeopardize his liberty by putting himself under the control of modern Russia? How will he feel about it when he approaches the end of his life? What will he think of himself for living a life of conspiracy, with the aim of putting all his countrymen in slavery? What final satisfaction that other men grasp at in such an hour can he draw from the darkened chamber of his mind? It doesn't make sense. Is it the monthly pay? Is he trading his birthright for a mess of pottage? It must be a material consideration. It cannot grow as the fruit of the spirit—not in America.

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